

# French KINGS LAMENTATION

For the Death of so many of his Generals, and his  
Ill Succels in *Ireland* and *Germany*, where he Lost  
so many of his Commanders, particularly in the  
Defeat given by Prince *Louis* of *Baden*, to the  
*Turkish* Army.

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29. Aug/69/ With Allowance.

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**L**ONG has my Breast been with Impatience swell'd,  
While I the Doubtful Chance of *War* beheld,  
Though I by *Proxy* Fought with others Arms,  
And in my *Palace* liv'd most safe from Harms;

As Men who sit securely on the Shoar  
Can view a Storm, and hear the Billows roar:  
Yet when I hear how fast my *Gen'als* fall,  
Something within me does for *Pity* call;  
*PITY!* — 'tis Childish, for great Souls like *Mine*,  
Should never at the Will of Fate repine:  
But when Grim Death does such Great *Heroes* call,  
'Tis fit some Sighs attend their Funeral;  
A *Monarchs* Tears Embalm their Mem'ry more  
Than all the Spices of the *Eastern* Shore.  
But oh! Such diff'rent Passions wrack my Breast,  
And I with mighty Loads of Grief Opprest,  
In Change of Pleasure cannot find relief,  
(But yet there is a Pleasure sure in Grief.)  
Had *Private Centinells* by Thousands fell,  
And *Troops* and *Regiments* gone quick to Hell;  
Were their *Commanders* safe I had not car'd,  
'Those *Wretches* are like Shavings of my Beard  
Which grows again, for 'tis my Subjects care  
To get me Children to supply the War:  
But when a *Gen'ral* gets a Mortal Harm,  
'Tis like the loosing of a Leg or Arm,  
Which Loss can never be repair'd agen;  
What Praises then are due to Valiant Men

*St. Ruth*, thou best of *Generals* and of *Friends*,  
 Thou Trusty *Drudge* to my Ambitious Ends;  
 Who didst with *Hereticks* take mighty Pains,  
 To set their Judgment right, Knock't out their Brains:  
 Oh! 'twas a Sawcy Bullet snatch't thee hence,  
 But against *Chance* how can there be Defence?  
 Yet to thy Mem'ry I will Altars raise;  
 And little Babes shall learn to Sing thy Praise;  
 Thy mighty Fame thy Murd'red Corps survives,  
*St. Ruth* shall Flourish while my Glory lives;  
*Historians* shall thy mighty Acts rehearse,  
 And *Poets* write thy Praise in Lofty Verse.  
 But must the Great *Tyrconnel* be forgot?  
*Tyrconnel* worthy of a traver Lot,  
 Shall *Generals* like Common Mortals Die,  
 And in a Scorching Fever Gasping lie?  
 'Twas his hard Fate to be so Poorly Kill'd,  
 Commanders should Expire within the Field:  
 'Twas strange he should so well *Two Kings* Obey,  
*James* gave Command, but *Lewis* gave him Pay;  
 Promises may to Arms the Brave Invite,  
 But 'tis the Ready Gold which makes 'em Fight:  
 More Ill News Still? the *Turks* by Thousands Kill'd,  
 And *Baden Louis* Conqueror in the Field;  
 My Trusty Friends in *Turkish* Habits Slain,  
 The *Army* routed, and their *Baggage* ta'en;  
 Sure Fate Designs to crush me with my Woes  
 By repetition of such Overthrows,  
 But let the Angry Stars do what they will,  
*Lewis* I am and will be *Lewis* still.  
 My Tears are still to more Commanders due,  
 But Grief does best by Dumb Expressions shew:  
 My hopes are frustrate, and the *Irish Coast*  
 No longer must of my Assistance boast,  
 The *Fatal Battel* was at *Aghrim* fought,  
 Such dreadful Terrors to my Fancy brought,  
 As Gamesters who have deeply lost at Play,  
 With their last Stake throw all their hopes away.  
 O *Ireland*, what sums thy Quarrel Cost,  
 What store of Blood was in thy Country lost?  
 My Folly I but now too late repine,  
 Let who will take thee, for thou'lt ne're be mine.

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 L O N D O N,

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